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FAIR ISABEL's

GARLAND.

11621.c.3. 60

Containing ſeveral Excellent

NEW SONGS.

1. The Sailor's Love to fair Iſabel.
2. Rat tat too!
3. Still from Care and thinking free.
4. The Caledonian Maid.

Licenſed and Entered according to order.

Fair ISABLE's GARLAND, &c.

The Sailor's Love to fair Iſabel.

I Was a Sailor by my trade,
And fell in love with a pretty maid,
My parents would no kindneſs ſhew,
Which made me to the ſea to go.

Fair Iſabel, my beauty bright,
Theſe loving lines to thee I write,
Hoping you are alive and well,
As I am now, fair Iſabel.

Although we'er ſeparated now,
Let's not forget the ſolemn vow,
When firſt I left my native land,
To go on board, was my Command.

To go on board the Potenian bold,
Alas my misfortune to behold;
All my delight was the borders of Spain,
Whilſt in the ſtreights we do remain.

The Spaniſh lords of high renown,
And gentry all came flocking down,
To view our ſhip, ſhe was rigg'd ſo neat,
With ſwelling ſails and ſtreamers ſweet.

It was on the coaſt of Barbary,
The Algerines came down to ſee,
And view our ſhip, ſhe was in her array,
Who ſtood amaz'd, who ſtood amaz'd at her
ſo gay.
Our anchors weigh'd and ready wind,
A ready wind and a Pleaſant gale,
And then for Holland we bore away,
'Tis not forgetting, 'tis not forgetting the
Month of May.

Fair Iſabel my turtle dove,
Theſe two or three lines I write in love,
Hoping you are alive and well,
As I am now fair Iſabel.

RAT TAT TOO!

THO' I'm now a very little lad,
If fighting men cannot be had,
For want of a better I may do,
To follow the boy with his rat tat too,
I may ſeem tender, yet I'm tough,
And tho' not much o'me, I'm right good ſtuff,
Of this I boaſt ſay more who can,
I never was afraid to meet my man.

I'm a chickabiddy ſee, take me now, now, now,
I'm a merry little he for your row, dow, dow,
Brown Beſs I'll knock about, O there's my joy,
At my back a knapſack like a roving boy.

In my tartain plaid a young ſoldier view,
My phillibag and dirk and bonnet blue,
Give the word and I'll march where you command,
Noble ſerjeant with a ſhilling then ſtrike my hand,
My captain as he takes his glaſs,
May wiſh for to toy with a pretty laſs,
For ſuch a one I've a roguiſh eye,
He'll never want a girl when I am by,

I'm a chickabiddy ſee, &c.

Tho' a barber never yet has mow'd my chin,
With my great broad ſword I long to begin,
Cut, flaſh, ram, draw, O glorious fun,
For a gun pip, pop, change my little pop gun,
My foes ſhall fly like geeſe in flocks,
E'en Turks I'll drive like turkey cocks,
And where ever quartered I ſhall be,
Oh zounds how I'll kiſs my landlady,

I'm a chickabiddy ſee, &c.

Still from care and thinking free.

WHEN the anchor's weighed and the ſhip's unmoor'd
And landſmen lag behind, ſir,
The ſailor joyful ſkips on board,
And ſwearing, prays for wind, ſir,

Towing here, yoing there,
Steadily, readily, cherrily, merrily,
Still from care and thinking free,
Is a Sailor's life at ſea.

When we ſail with a freſhning breeze,
And landſmen all grow ſick, ſir,
The ſailor lolls with his mind at eaſe,
And the ſong and the cann go quick, ſir,

Laughing here, quaffing there, &c.

When the wind at night whiſtles o'er the deep,
And ſeems to landſmen dreary,
The ſailor fearleſs goes to ſleep,
And takes his watch moſt cheerly,

Booring here, ſnoring there, &c.

When the ſky grows black, and the wind blows hard,
And landſmen ſkulk below, ſir,
Jack mounts up to the top ſail yard,
And turns his quid as he goes, ſir,

Hawling here, bawling there, &c.

When the foaming waves run mountains high,
And landſmen cry all's gone, ſir,
The Sailor hangs twixt ſea and ſky,
And he jokes with Davy Jones, Sir,

Daſhing here, claſhing there, &c.

When the ſhip d'ye ſee becomes a wreck,
And landſmen hoiſt the boat, Sir,
The ſailor ſcorns to quit the deck,
While a ſingle plank's afloat, Sir,

Swearing here, tearing there, &c.

The CALEDONIAN MAID.

COME all young lovers unto me give ear,
Hear is a ſtrange ſtory as ever you did hear,
Concerning a young laſs that was taken awa',
On an intent to be a wife in Caledonia.

O my deareſt deary, I muſt awa',
O my deareſt deary, I muſt awa',
O my deareſt deary, I muſt awa',
A commiſſion to the pretty Caledonia.

O my deareſt deary, will you break my heart,
O my deareſt deary, will you break my heart,
For you are all the comfort that I have here awa',
Since you came from the pretty Caledonia.

Now theſe two lovers ſat down to make their moan,
Then came by a troop of their own countrymen,
Who ſaid, riſe up lovers, and come awa',
For you muſt travel to the pretty Caledonia.

O, ſays the captain, I know what you mean,
For your Scot's laſſes ſpoil all our Engliſhmen,
There is no Scot's laſſie that's bound by the law,
That can travel to the pretty Caledonia.

O ſaid the laſſie, I am willing for to pay,
My freight over ſea if you take me awa',
O ye ſhall h- e the money before you go awa',
If you will take me ſafe to arrive at Caledonia.

O ſaid the deceiver, the money we will have,
And when we are over, we'll ſell her for a ſlave,
We will take her little penny, though it be but ſma',
And we will ſell her for a ſlave in Caledonia.

O ſaid the captain, that will never do,
They wil kill us every man, if they do know,
They will kill us every man, if they do know,
That ever we ſold a ſlave in Caledonia.

But the young laſſie ſhe did not perceive,
That her own lover would her ſo deceive,
But thought he would marry her in taking her awa',
But yet he had a wife in Caledonia.

She ſaid to the captain, make me a ſailor bold,
I'll travel with thee the nations all round,
I'll be content with my portion, although it be but ſma',
If you'll carry me ſafe to arrive at Caledonia.

O, ſaid the captain, what will you do,
When you go along with the jolly ſhip's crow,
When the ſeas they did beat, and the winds they did blow,
And they could could not get a ſight of Caledonia.

Then upon a night the captain did dream,
There came a voice to him which call him by his name,
Saying, marry the laſs that you brought awa',
Or ſhe'll never get a ſight of Caledonia,

Up in the morning the captain aroſe,
And ſtraightway unto her lover he goes,
Saying, where is the laſſie that you brought awa',
For I've dream'd ſhe was in Caledonia.

O ſaid the deceiver, I've bound her hand and foot,
And I have intended to throw her in the deep,
For I have a wife and that you do know,
Aud ſhe lives a happy life in Caledonia,

O then the captain's heart was filled with woe,
And ſtraightway unto the young laſſie he did go,
Saying, what is the matter they treated you ſo,
When you paid your freight to pretty Caledonia.

The laſſie ſhe ſighed and ſaid, O woe is me,
That ever I was born ſuch a death for to die,
Or if I have offended, tis more than I know,
Which makes me lament Caledonia.

O woe be to that lover of mine,
Who promiſed to me, he'd be loving and kind,
But inſtead of being a friend, proves my mortal foe,
Which cauſes me to lament Caledonia.

O, says the Captain, if you take in hand,
For to serve me when you come to land,
I'll preserve you your life, and no man shall know,
And you'll lead a happy life in Caledonia.

Now when they had sail'd leagues but only three,
Then the deceiver vowed revenged for to be,
Upon the said captain he'd work muckle woe,
He should never see a sight of Caledonia.

The sailor unto the captain did go,
Saying, take care of the deceiver and give him a blow,
Take care of the deceiver and give him a blow,
Or you'll never get a sight of Caledonia.

The captain he vow'd revenged for to be,
He took him in his arms and he threw him in the sea,
Take a cup of cold water altho' it be but sma',
And ye may drink the lassie's health in Caledonia.

Now when they had sailed a very short space,
They came in sight of that beautiful place,
Where the seas did not beat nor the winds did not blow,
Now they are all safe arrived in Caledonia.

She had not been there above quarter of a year,
When she appeared both charming and fair,
She obtained the favor of all that did her know,
And now she leads a happy life in Caledonia.

According to the promise the captain did make,
For a wife unto himself he did her take,
In silks and in sattins he made her to go,
And now she's a captain's wife in Caledonia.

Likewise you lovers a warning may take,
Never heed the promises deceivers may make,
In flattering you so, they steal your hearts awa',
Take a warning by the lassie of Caledonia.

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FINIS.